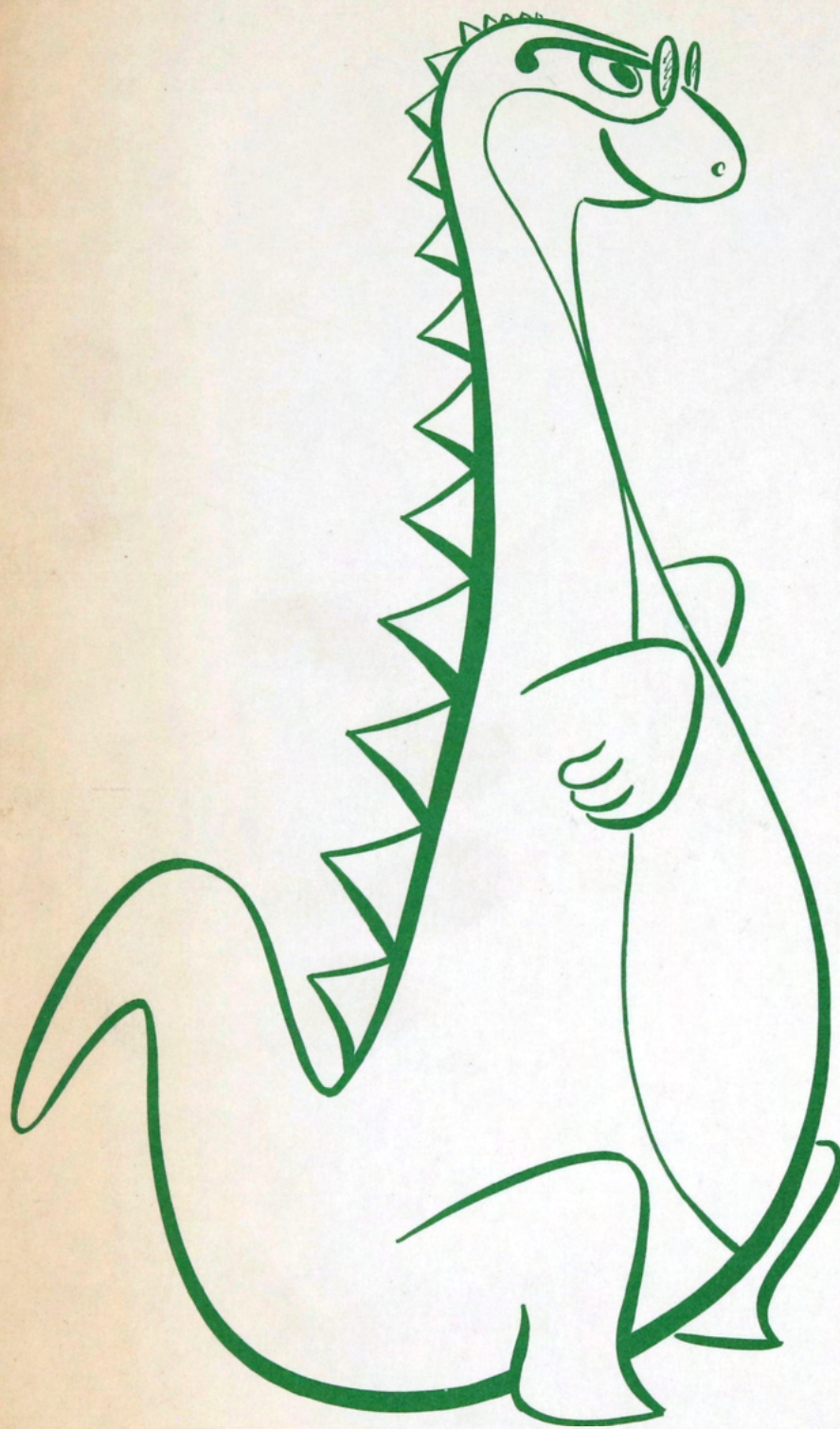


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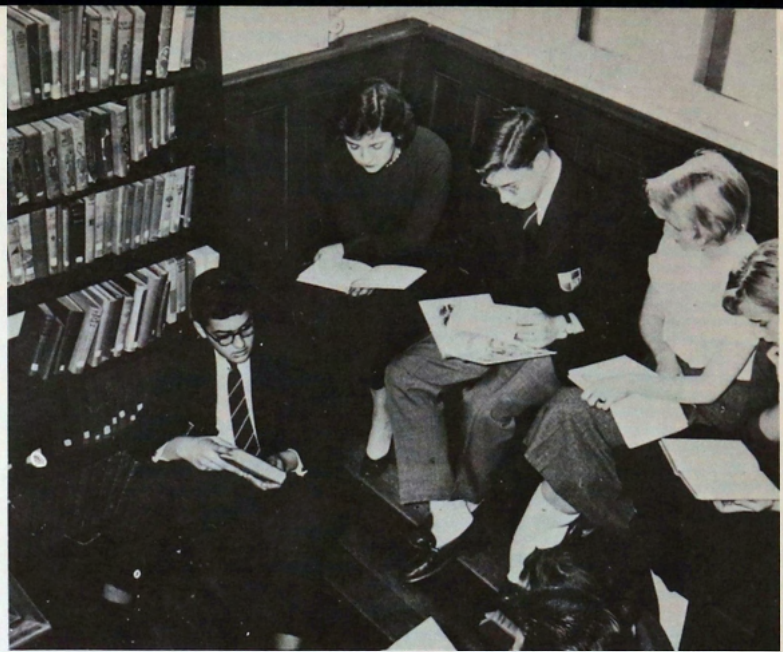


the green dragon review









introductory...







# the green dragon review

1965



Introductory . . . . .	(page one)
Creative Arts . . . . .	(page seven)
Cross Section . . . . .	(page nineteen)
The Graduates . . . . .	(page twenty-nine)

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## Indirections from the Principal

# The Bald Truth About Unchanging Youth



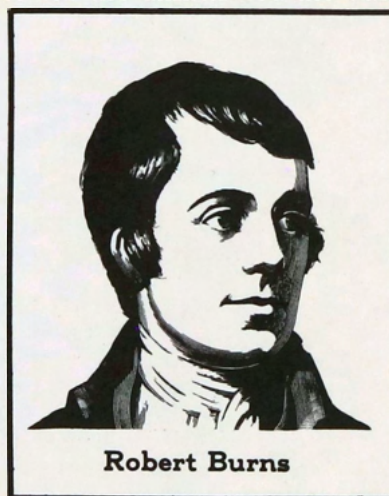
In my youth I was confused. Long hair and high brow were synonymous. They meant the love of classical music, an appreciation of art, a love of poetry, and an undisguised hatred for jazz, lurid paper backs and short hair. It would appear that to be true to the cult you either had to be bald (the highest of all brows) or let your hair grow until it was exactly 1 1/2 inches over your coat collar. As an "outsider" the alternative was to have a "Two penny all off" which gave you freedom to go unwashed, uneducated and unloved. Only then could you use margarine to tame what hair you had and be recognised as a lout, a yobbo, or one of the gang (the term delinquent had yet to be invented). I intersperse a word of warning to anybody who might experiment in the use of margarine as a hairdressing. It has certain specific disadvantages besides its distinctive odour, the chief one being that when the temperature goes above 70 F, which on rare occasions it did in English classrooms, it melts.

However, back to my confusion. What was a youth to do? Parents, being conservative by nature, naturally steered a middle course. Haircuts once every three weeks, with the operative word being "trim". This produced neither one thing nor the other. You had to either be very cunning or have fast growing hair. The barber was yet to be born who could be bribed to risk parental ire by removing all the hair from a youth who appeared resplendent in a

crested blazer and an old school tie. Only at times of great family crisis or serious illness did you have the opportunity of reaching your goal. After all, whose parents thought of barbers when you were on your sick bed? Even then it required great schemings to be able to get back unshorn amidst your friends, and wander around with a book of poetry under your arm (you didn't actually have to read the poetry), a lost look on your face, (if it were pale, as well it might be after an illness, so much the better) and a straw barge crowning your head of artistic hair.

Unfortunately, it wasn't long before your Headmaster or some other voice of authority was saying, "Lester, get a haircut - who do you think you are, Lord Byron?" School masters don't change much, do they? Perhaps it is only fair to elaborate for the uninitiated the cult symbol of the straw barge. To be part of the group it was essential to wear this straw hat. Its band proved one's rank in the prefectorial hierarchy of the school. It was the badge of privilege. Bedecking long hair was only one of its uses. It was useful for collecting autographs, particularly of actresses at the local repertory theatre which was definitely out of bounds. As a weapon, the sharpness of its brim proved its worth in any fight with "outsiders" (those of the "Two penny all off" margarine breed who engaged in the sport of boater bashing). It taught one respect for the saying, "Well I'll eat my hat". With lots of milk, it's just possible. I must add one thing, the straw hat was not complete when you went hiking unless you also carried a walking stick and wore yellow pigskin gloves, especially in summer.

In my youth I was confused, but I am equally confused today. I blame the Beatles (after all aren't they blamed for everything). As an adult I mustn't like boys wearing their hair long. The trouble is that with my upbringing I am not quite certain why. Trim, anyone?



Robert Burns

R. Lester.





## A Message from the President of the Student Council

At the outset I should like to thank the Editors of the Green Dragon Review for giving me this opportunity of expressing a few thoughts on behalf of the Student Council.

St. George's High School is indeed unique in its system of self-government. Representation by grade safe-guards the rights of the lower grades as expressed in our recently-adopted constitution. Equal voice and vote is given to the representatives of each class, assuring the High School of a fair government. Efforts of the student body in various annual endeavours make the Student Council self-supporting, and as such it is capable of many achievements not otherwise feasible.

There is, however, a flaw in our system which has become apparent in the past few years. Should the students fail to take an active part in both the business and social aspects of school life, the Student Council cannot function to capacity. Student support is imperative for the smooth operation of a representative self-government such as ours.

The High School students have resigned themselves to a state of passive apathy, which must rectify itself in the future. With the arrival and development of Education 70, a greater responsibility and independence will be given to the student body. The activity of the Student Council must grow in proportion to the growth of Education 70.

An excellent effort has been made by the various heads of committees in the past year, but the success of Student Council activities was relative to student support. A genuine school spirit has started growing in the High School, as exemplified by the interest shown in our interscholastic hockey and basketball games. If this spirit continues growing, the state of apathy may be overcome.

For this effort the Student Council wishes to extend its thanks to those involved.

In the past year the Monitorial system has reached a new height of efficiency, which was admirably demonstrated in the period of our principal's absence.

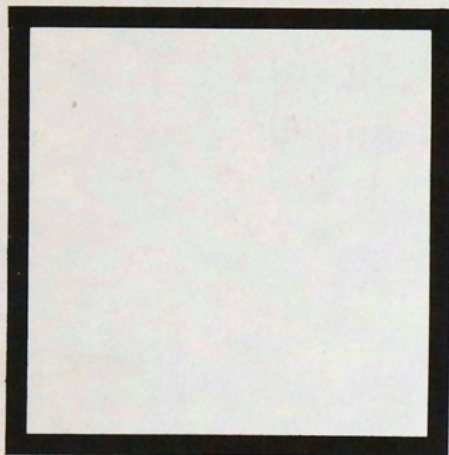
In conclusion I offer the student administration of 1965-66 all best wishes for a successful year.

Yours sincerely,

*John Sharpe*



## Editorial



## Thoughts on the New Education

A school must strive to be a reflection not of the world as it is, but of the world as it is going to be when today's students must face it. What will that world be like?

Above all, it will be a world of the obsolete man if today's schools do not change their attitude toward the purpose of education. The students in today's high schools will live in a world which will be changing so rapidly that no accumulation of knowledge will ever be sufficient for any period of time; the only thing of value will be the ability to learn, to constantly re-educate oneself. Today's students will be expected to keep up by themselves with the inevitable sweeping changes that science will bring about at an almost incredible rate in the decades to come. And yet their schools do not teach them how to educate themselves, but rather spoon-feed them with carefully prepared lectures from seventh grade through university. The result of this is that they will be unable to re-educate themselves when their store of knowledge has

become insufficient, as it must very quickly in the last third of the twentieth century. Only the adaptable can hope to be in a position to make any further contribution to their world. Therefore it is the prime responsibility of the educators to prepare adaptable people - people who will always be able and willing to learn. Those who cannot adapt - they will be the obsolete men. Today's schools must meet the challenge.

At St. George's this past year, we have seen the beginning of an intelligent attempt to meet that challenge. Gradually, the administration has begun shifting the emphasis away from the classroom to independent study. No one will take the time to re-educate today's high school students: they must be able to re-educate themselves if they are not to be overwhelmed by the competition that will be life in 1985, only twenty years away. Initiative is the precious commodity, both in today's education and in tomorrow's world. It is to instill this initiative in its students that St. George's has this year begun the "Education 70" programme.

The basis of this programme is independent study, guided by the belief that the accumulation of knowledge at school is only a means to an end, the end being the ability to learn on personal initiative. Only the basic skills (languages, English composition, and mathematics need to be learned for themselves; all other subjects will be taught only as vehicles for the encouragement of independent research and analysis.

Very little actually changed this year. History classes were reorganized into study and discussion groups, and some grades saw the beginning of the seminar approach to English Literature. But even on such limited experience with the new system, it is possible to discern a flaw - something is missing. We shall call it the spirit for change.

What is this "spirit for change", and why do we feel it to be important? It must be remembered that the practical effect of Education 70 on the student is to give him more work (because he must seek out as well as absorb his material), and greater temptation not to work (because there is no longer constant prodding by the teacher; the student is expected to work on his own, amid the many distractions of a normal school). The student cannot be expected to assume this heavy load without a motivating force, and that force should come from within. It will come from a sense of intelligent pride in the school, combined with a spirit of academic adventure and direction. Without these two intangibles, which comprise the spirit for change, the new education will not work.

Where to go from here? We certainly have the potential: an above-average student body, a highly qualified staff, and, most importantly, the readiness on the part of the administration to implement innovation. The High School of St. George's will go far as a pioneer of the new education if only it can re-create the exciting atmosphere of academic adventure which was the very core of the young Elementary School of the 1940's and 50's.

(CONTINUED ON P. 46)





creative arts ...



# An Hour In Tight Shoes

Usually my new shoes were too big because they had previously belonged to my brother. They were always in good condition because his feet grew so fast that his shoes never wore out. Generally, when I wore my new shoes, they felt like sloppy moccasins. However, last spring I had the opposite experience.

As usual, there was a shiny pair of shoes waiting for me to wear at Easter to go along with my brother's carefully preserved suit which I was to inherit at the same time. Like many families, my family always outfitted us at Easter, although sometimes it was hard to gather together a complete new outfit, as all my seven brothers grew at different rates. Since I was the second oldest in a family of eight boys, I did not have any choice of sizes.

On Easter morning when I put on the grey suit, the sleeves of the coat trailed down below my finger tips, and I stepped in the backs of the cuffs when I walked. When I complained to my mother, "I can't wear this suit; it's miles too big," she said, "What do you expect at this hour in the morning? It's almost time to leave for church. Besides, you didn't try it on last week when I asked you to. I thought it might need alterations, but what did Mr. Smartypants say? You said 'Oh Mom, it fits perfectly, I can tell by looking at it.' By the way, your new shoes are in the back hall. Hurry up! Wait! Have you got a clean hanky?" I answered patiently, "Which do you want me to do first, hurry up or wait?" I ran off to get my shoes, missing her answer.

I was not surprised that the shoes were brown, for I had never received a matching outfit in all my life. I realized there must have been a mistake. The new shoes were not as big as the previous pair that I had been given at Christmas, which had been too big for the first month. I forced my heels in with the help of the shoehorn. I knew I was in for a miserable hour. When I stood up, I could feel all ten toenails start to grow inward. When I started to walk, as well as stepping on my cuffs, I felt as though I were wearing snowshoes with tight thongs. By the time I got downstairs my mood was not proper for a church service.

Luckily the walk was short. I would have liked to look at my feet to see if they were bleeding, the way beginners feet will bleed from the thong of the snowshoe. My big toes began to feel as though they were going through a meat grinder. My little toes were actually being amputated. All my other toes felt as though they were in a thumb-screw. I couldn't adopt a gait that would spare my toes because I would trip on my pants. Mother said, "Jumpin' Jehosaphat, lift your feet. What's the matter with your trousers? Didn't you wear a belt?" I was insulted. Not only was I wearing a belt,

but I had on a pair of suspenders to hold up my sagging pants. I gradually dropped behind her, and for a while walked on my heels, holding up my pants with my hands until we got near to the church.

Our church had the longest flight of stairs in the whole town. I felt as though I were climbing a ladder with knife-edged rungs in bare feet. I was so desperate to rest my feet that I did not mind being stopped at the door by the minister, although I knew he would shake hands with me and ask me if I knew my Bible verse. When a grown-up shakes my hand, I generally panic, and instead of being able to answer, I babble, but this time I was in such physical pain I forgot my self-consciousness. I must have amazed the minister by the way I talked about the weather-that day's, the previous day's, the next day's weather, and the previous year's, and even the spring weather in the Holy Land. I would have discussed weather conditions in the other world if an old lady had not prodded me from behind with her umbrella. "You have had enough time with the Parson, young man; now give me a chance."

I limped all the way down the aisle to where my family sat in the front pew. After I had gratefully sunk into the seat, the old lady who had poked me at the door sat down beside me. She smelled of mothballs and cloves.

For the hymns I dragged myself up with difficulty. While we sang "Onward Christian Soldiers," I imagined I was a wounded soldier crawling under heavy fire to destroy the enemy arsenal. I could see myself marching up with only a slight limp to receive my Victoria Cross from the king. During the sermon I dreamt of trudging painfully through the wilderness for forty years. Then I had a cramp in my left foot. I felt as though I had stepped into a bear trap. At home I would have stood and stamped my foot on the floor.

When the elders passed the collection plate, I found that I had forgotten my money; so I carefully slipped one of my washers under the only bill on the plate. At last the ordeal was over, and I goose-stepped up the aisle behind my father so as to spare my pants and toes. Luckily, my best friend's father gave me a lift home. I crawled into the rear seat with my pal and took off my shoes. I could not wiggle my toes, and I still felt hamstrung.

The text of the sermon came to my mind. It was the verse about turning the other cheek. I was sure I was going to have to visit a chiropodist. That would cost my father a lot of money. I gloated. I would receive my revenge. It would have cost less to buy me a new pair of shoes in the first place.

Howard Ransom (IX)





Barbara Goldbloom (IX)



Katie Taylor (XI)



Elizabeth Barclay (III)





## Snow

I don't think that, if anyone who'd never seen snow before asked me to describe it to them, I'd be able to. Not really, I don't think.

I'd tell him, "Snow is white, and it's cold."

Then I'd say that it falls out of the sky instead of rain in the winter, and it covers the ground, so that everything outside is white with it. I might tell him about snowflakes, and that they each have six points, and that they're always different, and that they cluster together, usually, so that they look bigger than they are.

But I'd forget to tell him about the way that your hands get red and wet and clean when you make a snowball without gloves on. And about the way that it collects in little icy balls on the inside fur of your boots, and how it falls sometimes at night so thick that you look out the window and think that the snowflakes must be making a lot of noise swirling around, but you open the window and listen and there's no noise at all, and you stay still and listen to the silence until a bit of snowy wind comes in through your window and you blink and then shut the window, and go back into the warmth of the room, while a few snowflakes lie on you, and melt, and finally dry ....

Even if I remembered to tell him that, I might not know how.

And how do you describe the way the snow squeaks when you step on it in the spring, when it's just beginning to melt? Or the way it gleams and sparkles on a January morning, so that your eyes ache when you look at it too long?

I might try to tell him about the perfection of the unbroken, powdery snow in your path on a deserted ski-trail in the utter grey of morning, and how it churns about your feet, and lies severed in your wake. I could try to tell him this, and more.

And much more. But he probably wouldn't understand. Which is too bad.

David Bruck

## Horror Story

The menacing fin lurked ever closer, ever closer....

The coming darkness veiled the leaden sky, reduced the grey, merciless sea to an abstract entity, the icy, deadening coldness to a thing only felt-felt to the marrow, the heat, the very life-blood of being.

His circle of vision now extended only as far as that circling fin--ever circling, round and round, and round, closer, and closer....

Ah, yes, he knew how it would feel at first... that living, breathing, killing thing, nearer, nearer, until its current would tug, eddying him round, too, until he was dizzy, lightheaded, half-conscious.... Then its body would touch him--its firm, smooth, clammy body touching him, gliding under his toes, across his feet, up his numbed legs..... Ah, yes, he knew it all; he was wise; so very, very wise.

He could guess what would happen when it struck, too.

At first he wouldn't feel the black pain, the screaming, writhing agony; the icy ocean left him nerveless, paralyzed...but he would sense, nevertheless, what was happening....

The wide-set, dreadful jaws would gape open and engulf his limbs.... crush, shatter, splinter the feeble bone...leave horrible, jagged, hanging stumps where warm, pulsating, living things had been....


He wouldn't be sure it had happened, though, until the blood rose around him staining the black, shadowy waters.... how odd, he mused,--just like the fog rising in London.

London--where was London? A far-off, half-imagined heaven.... a good place.... a warm place--

A wild, inhuman cackle rent the vast chasm of empty blackness, over, and over, it rang out, while the black triangle circled closer, ever closer.

Kathie McClintock (IX)





## Flight

"It's not our job to think about it, Johnny. We leave that to the people who make the decision to attack. All we have to do is drop the bombs."

"That's all we have to do," echoed another member of the crew.

"It seems so cold, and frightening."

"As I said before, John, you don't have to worry about it."

Just then the klaxon sounded and the room burst into a flare of activity as the men scrambled to the jeeps which would take them to their waiting planes. For the old hands this was only a routine drill. They would fly to the borders of the Soviet Union and then return.

Newcomers such as Martin did not feel this way. He was not hardened to this way of life like the others. He became keenly aware of the question which had been nagging him for some time. Was this the real thing, and if so, would he be able to discharge his duties without faltering, with the knowledge that he would be killing millions of people?

The smooth sureness of the two other members of the crew made Martin feel terribly alone. They had the ability to be cold and ruthless. Did he?

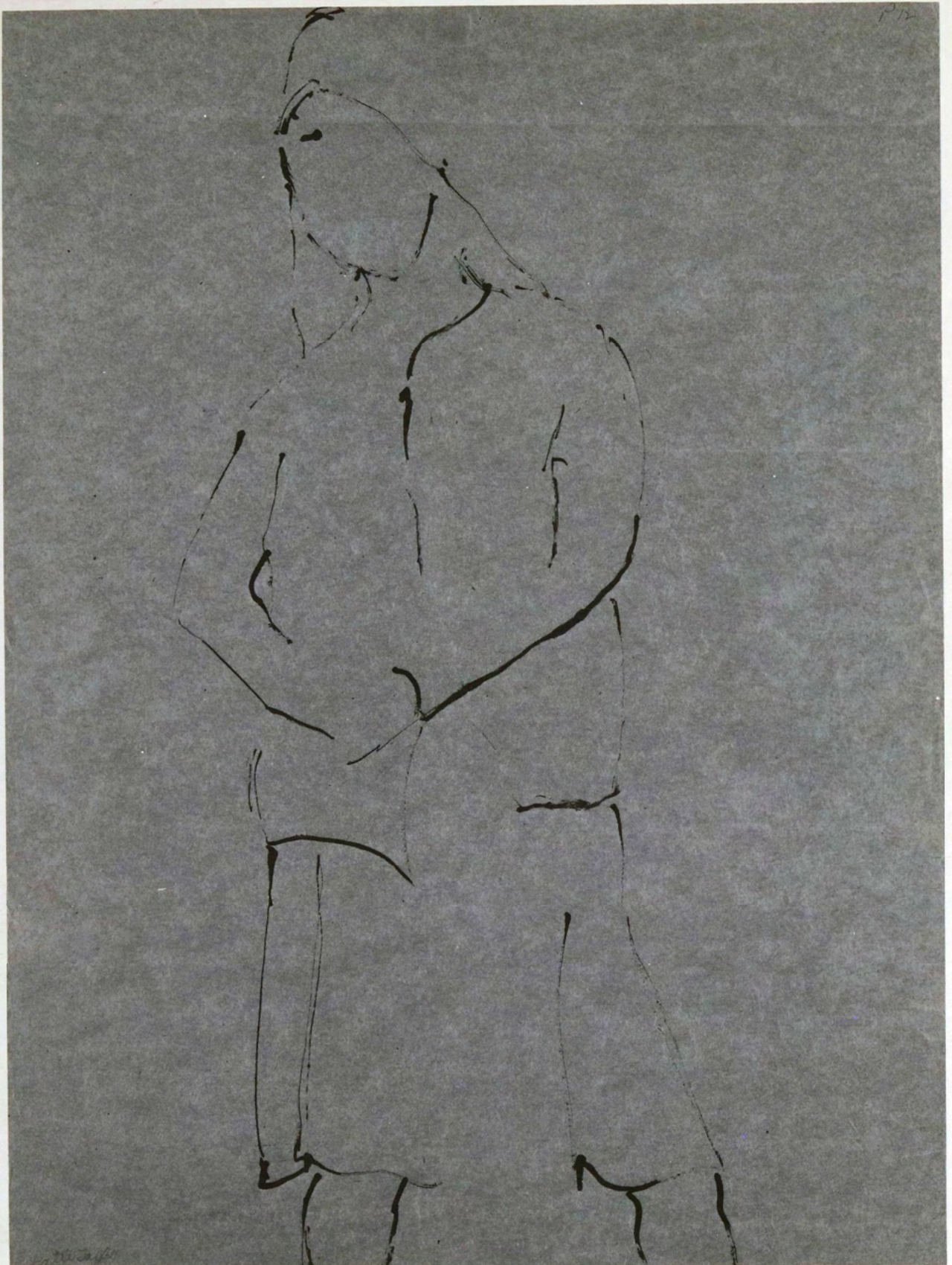
He was suddenly yanked out of his thoughts by the red light flashing on the panel. It was the "go" signal.

Instantly, Martin underwent a transformation. He became an unthinking, operational being with one single purpose: to destroy the enemy.

Just as suddenly as it had come on, the "go" signal went off. The short time, however, had answered all Martin's questions. In that single moment he knew that if it had been real and not just a mistake, he would have been able to carry out his duties as coolly and coldly as the others. But was this new-found ability something to be proud of, or something to be despised? He did not know the answer.

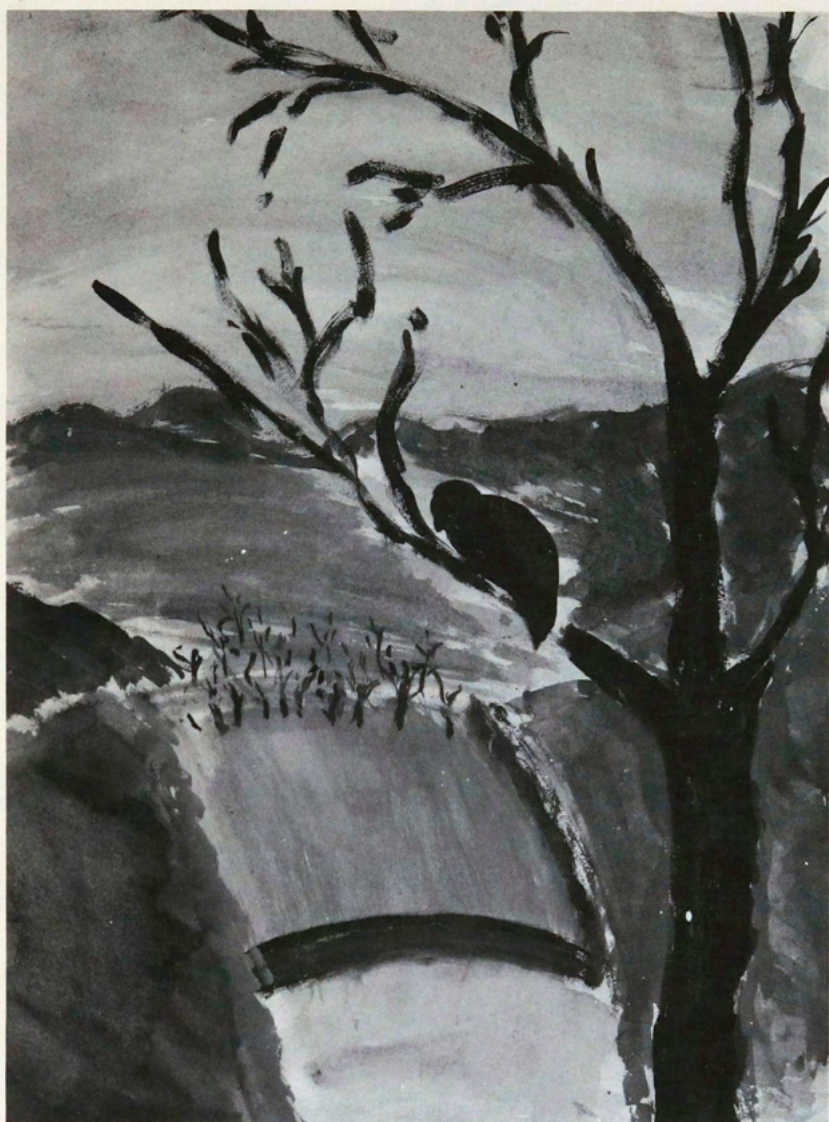
Robert Thomson (VIII)





Katie Taylor (XI)





Evanne Casson (VIII)



Dierdre MacKay (XI)



## A Funny Thing 'Appened to Me on Me WayHome to the Missus.

I've never been so flabbergasted in me life. 'Ere I was on me way 'ome to the missus for a nice cuppa-tea and a kipper. Seeing as 'ow I was in an 'urry, I jumped on a No. 4 which 'ad 'alted at the stop light. When I thought that the young feller who was driving was a learner without 'is "L" plate, I sat at the back ready to 'op off.

I gets up to ring the bell, and 'e puts on the brake so that I nearly falls on me face. What driving school 'ad 'e been to anyway? I picks meself up and 'e comes running' back, and I says to 'im, "Steady mate, you just about bowls me over", and 'e replies, "OK chum, you can 'ave the ruddy bus!"

So 'here I am with a spare bus instead of me kippers and me tea. So I 'op into the driver's seat and makes for the depot.

The Super sure was glad to see me drive in, 'as 'e was one bus short after the day's work and was scratchin' 'is 'head trying to think where 'e 'ad lorst it. This little outing should be good for an extra fiver on me month's pay.

Rosemary Rodger (XI)

## Tea

The crocodile  
In the River Nile  
Once said to me,  
"Won't you come to tea?"

"There's raspberry tarts  
And cinnamon hearts,  
Some Licorice candy  
And maybe some brandy."

But I gracefully declined  
(With myself in mind)  
And broke my bread  
With a camel instead.

Susan Glickman (VI)

## Passionate Psychiatrist to His Love

Oh come with me and be my spouse  
And we will build the perfect house,  
And give our children when they come  
The balanced diet of love and fun.

We'll toilet-train them properly  
And give them freedom utterly,  
And thus will thrive and grow with joy  
Our papa's girl and mama's boy.

We'll live in a house of perfect bliss  
Built on pschoanalysis,  
I'll play your father without fuss;  
You'll drive away my Oedipus.

I will interpret all your dreams  
And analyze your shouts and screams;  
I'll lecture you on love and hate  
And make our egos co-relate.

And when neurosis kills your fun  
And makes you want from me to run,  
I'll give you up, although you're mine  
(See Papa Freud, Chapter Nine).

Now if these pleasures do thee move  
And thy subconscious thee behoove,  
Then come, my love, and live with me:  
We'll build our house on psychiatry.

Goldie Morgentaler (IX)



THE QUEEN ELIZABETH • LE ROYAL ELIZABETH

## A Walk Alone at Night

A serpentine piece of string lies coiled on the sidewalk. The wind wails, mounting into a crescendo of whistling voices; and Night casts out her blanket of smothering darkness. Shh! Walk softly. Whistle and you won't hear the footsteps behind you. Close your eyes and you won't see the stealthy spectre peering over your shoulder. Walk quickly and you will pass the long, evil shadow beside you. Don't turn or you will see the empty, veiled path you have left behind. You are panting, frightened, fighting for the breath to be able to say to yourself, "Shh! Don't be afraid. The night can't hurt ya'." But the taut, strained darkness hangs around you, stretching out its tentacles to touch you. Each step is shrouded in mystery there are the footsteps again. Shh! Your heart pounds too loudly. Listen for the voice - "Don't be afraid. The night can't hurt ya'." Turn down the street - feel the icy fingertips running up and down your back - go faster - get out of this world of strange sounds and panting panic. Run, run up the stairs or they will catch you - they who have been watching over your shoulder. Shut the door, but it will not help, for they are still watching - silently, stealthily watching and waiting for the next time you walk alone at night.

Sharon Pines (IX)





Jenny Cram(V)



Vanessa Compton (VIII)



## On the WayUp

Wearily entering the classroom, a castle of books in my aching arms, I was greeted by a familiar, cheerful voice, "Hi, Nige, how's the kid?" I relieved myself of my load and raised my head to see my friend towering above me. "And I thought I had grown!"

It was Thursday, September 10, and we were beginning Grade Nine. I returned his greeting, dejected by the amount he had grown and I hadn't. After I had been greeted again, I watched as he immediately went into action. His face became the picture of lasting excitement as he began to tell me of his wonderful summer at camp. His mouth took on its usual open appearance. A small wad of pink gum was tucked up neatly in the corner, and it appeared when he pronounced his "o's" and "ow's". His long blond hair, edging over his ears and drooping over his forehead, fluttered loosely as his hands displayed his actions most dramatically. His brown eyes, shadowed by his eyebrows and nose, shone brightly as his excitement grew. When he laughed his deep giggle or grinned with his "Pepsodent-white-teeth", two great dimples appeared in his cheeks as if someone had actually stabbed them with their fingers.

Indeed, he was still the same as he had been on the crisp, sunny Thursday when I walked into the Grade Eight classroom for the first time. He still wore the same blue shirts and white socks characteristic of the true school uniform (but then, no one's perfect). But no, I'm wrong. He was taller and still on the way up, which shows there must be some good in him.

Nigel Lester (IX)

## Portrait

He walks jauntily into the room, a bundle of books held high under his arm. He takes off his coat, places it carefully over the back of a chair, and stands, looking at the students. His shy, puckish little smile plays at the corners of his mouth, and his brown eyes twinkle behind their wire-rimmed glasses.

"All right, sit down," he says in his rich, north-England accent.

He turns and picks up the eraser in his hard, chalk-yellowed hands. He bends his arms to write, putting, more creases into his wrinkled white shirt sleeves. The hips of his grey trousers, too, are in need of pressing, crumpled from too much pacing back and forth while he is talking. The black shoes, though, on the small feet are always bright and shiny.

He stops talking and turns again to ask a question. He looks directly at the person addressed, a flickering look of amusement in his eyes. When his suspicion of ignorance is confirmed, the amusement turns to gleaming triumph. If the answer given is right, a faint expression of mild surprise appears, and he nods his assent.

He continues to talk, and, quite unconsciously he hooks his thumbs into his trouser band, takes a deep breath, and pulls the trousers up over his stomach. The fact that they do not stay there, but immediately slip down underneath again, never seems to bother him. It is partly from this habit that the tops of his trousers curl down over his grey belt, and it is certainly due to his stomach that his tie droops despondently in mid-air at the tip, or curls outward in a most singular manner.

When his business is finished, he takes his coat from the back of the chair, puts it on, picks up his books and puts them under his arm, and walks jauntily out of the room: his wavy black hair, greying at the sides, springs back from his forehead; his brown eyes twinkle, and the mischievous smile still plays at the corners of his lips.

Kathie McClintock (XI)





## Mary

'Always be ready to speak your mind and a base man will avoid you.' - W. Blake

This is the story of Mary who always said the first thing that came into her head and said it exactly as her mind conceived it. In many ways her story is an unhappy one (on a mortal level) for Mary had few friends. In fact, she had no friends. Even her parents avoided her whenever possible. If her presence was forced on some miserable creature, hardly a word was said or a sound uttered. Not only were they uncomfortable, but fear of what Mary might say paralysed them and had a numbing effect on any kind of communication. Mary was not understood, for when Mary spoke, a look of awful terror immediately appeared on the startled victim's face.

The people Mary came into contact with were all driven to this extreme of uncomprehending fear because she was so uncommon a phenomena: extraordinary intelligence, a penetrating insight into the characters of others, uncanny powers of observation and memory were all qualities Mary possessed to an alarming degree, alarming because she was also impulsive and reacted to any situation spontaneously and directly, without restraint, and often without first giving the matter very much thought. She was blunt and forceful in her opinions, and her convictions were always strong. Her displeasure was expressed in the most unmistakable terms, as was her pleasure. Nor were there any tactful qualities in her character, so that people seldom could forgive her when she offended. Tact was not of her nature, and she felt she was not being honest or sincere when she had to re-arrange her thoughts and expressions to suit other people.

Unfortunately Mary lived in a world unsuited to her nature. In this world cant and deceit were ingrained; people said only what they felt they were allowed to say because they lived in constant dread of what others might think. Tact was more common than sincerity. Something was always held back; it was considered fatal to give of oneself too freely. Seldom was anything questioned; passive acceptance was a distinguishing mark of this society. That is why so many things were left unsaid, and why so many people could not communicate with one another. Their hearts were never opened; there was no love.

This state of affairs made life difficult for Mary until it became intolerable, for her

heart was always open, and she was vulnerable. Inside she ached. She did not immediately realize that, when she reacted to someone honestly, she might hurt them too. This painful fact slowly became evident however, and at first she was uncomprehending, but her powers of intelligence explained the situation to her. She came to understand eventually, but still she could not restrain her mind and her tongue, for this was incomparably beyond her control. Mary was a visionary, separated from base mortals and clearly not of this world. This was not clear to Mary herself, however, for her heart was strangely rooted in her surroundings. Nevertheless she remained outspoken and always freed her mind from any unnatural burden. Although she continued to suffer from the 'slings and arrows of outrageous' retaliation from her victims, the misfortune was that she gained in perception. Her sensitivity became more acute and it worked against her, for the keener her insight became, the more it stung and the stronger was the retaliation. The prejudice, ignorance and deceit around her did not decrease: normal people did not change. They continued to live and die with their closed minds and hearts, their selfish fears and rampant, primitive instincts.

Mary's mind could not be shut, but her days were numbered. Her heart was still open, although it became more like an open wound and its ache was unbearable. She was an outcast who had no place in this world; but where was her world? Mary did not know: her mind only told her it was not here. She could not suppress the vision that was the force behind her mind, and it was this that compelled her inexorably to speak out. Mary's intelligence stayed with her to the end, but her heart betrayed her. It was filled to overflowing with unrequited love and could sustain no longer the torture of coming into contact with other people and being repulsed time after time. The great flaw was the singular lack of co-operation between the mind and the heart. The mind was stronger and came to rule over the weaker heart, so it succumbed to eventual suffocation. The battle in Mary had raged for a long time, but the mind's victory was won at too dear a cost. Mary's intelligence told her she could not exist in a heartless state, so in silent outrage the vision faded away and could speak no more.

Ivana Edwards (XI)





cross section ...



## Sub-Editorial



### Let's Make Silence Golden

Everyone agrees that our Parliamentarians are talking too much - the Flag Debates were glaring examples of this. However, the agreement ends when solutions are discussed. Some people feel that the time allowed for each speech should be limited. This would not work because the M.P.'s would simply speak more and more quickly, thus causing confusion among the Parliamentary clerks who must transcribe the debates.

No, arbitrary shortening of speeches is not the answer. We reformers must hit where it hurts, and that means the pocketbook! Our theory is this:

a set fee - say \$0.10 per word-must be charged any member who speaks during the course of debate. The Speaker, as indicated by his title, may speak free of charge. Over and above the straight ten-cent fee, there will be a twenty-five-cent penalty for each UnCalled-For Word - a Royal Commission will be set up to prepare a Dictionary of UnCalled-For Words.

We must not, however, penalize those Members who actually have Something To Say. Therefore, from the ten-cent charge, deductions of up to ninety percent will be made according to the amount of time a Member spends beforehand Thinking about what he is going to say proportionate to the time spent speaking. By this system, a Member who has spent a year in Thought on his topic may speak for a considerable period of time for no more than a few dollars. Conversely, off-the-cuff oratory could run up bills of many thousands of dollars, and would therefore cease to be a part of the repertoire of any but the most wealthy M.P.'s.



The advantages of this system are enormous. Filibusters will be financially impossible. M.P.'s will be forced to abandon their rhetorical flourishes in favour of a tersely concise jargon free not only from clichés, but from adjectives, articles, and conjunctions. Best of all, M.P.'s eager for reduction of their speaking bills will at last become more prone to Thinking Before Speaking, owing not to common sense but to financial necessity.

Yet another advantage is that those who insist on speaking at length will provide a good source of income for the government. Mr. Pearson will soon realize that Mr. Diefenbaker's tirades were major sources of his administration's revenue, and relations between these two gentlemen should improve. Before long, Mr. Pearson will actually enjoy the sound of Mr. Diefenbaker's extravagant diatribes.

It cannot be doubted that this solution is fair, and it is clear that it would be effective. Fellow Canadians, now is the time to make your wish known! We wonder how long the debate on this will run. . .





# The Shining Moments...



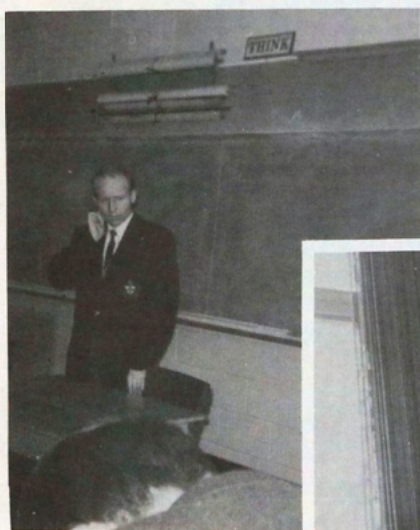
"You mean you want a letter from me?"



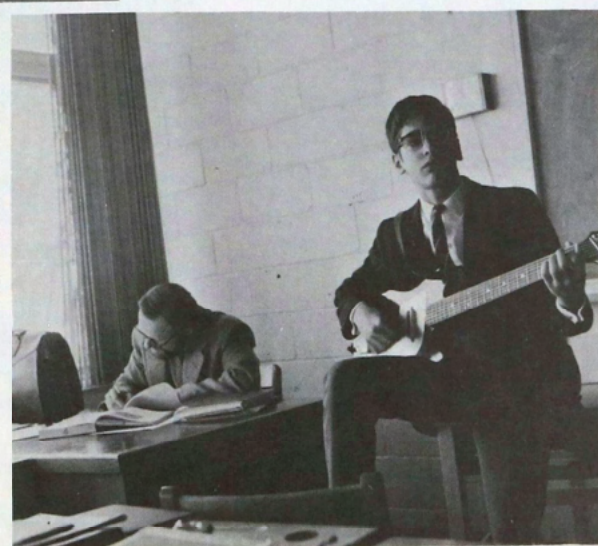
"Fly away, little birdie."



"You're under arrest."



The staff's reactions to ill-mannered students ranged from bewilderment. . .



. . .to hopeless resignation.



I don't see how you connected Henry Miller with Chaucer, Brian.



# Sports

The '65 Senior Hockey Team carried on in the tradition established in the year of yore; i.e. it won one game and lost a good many others.

The season opened in mid-December with four scrimmages against Selwyn House and Lower Canada College. In late January, our six-game schedule began with a home game against Ashbury College of Ottawa which we lost 5-2.

The next visitors to St. G's ice were the members of the much-heralded "Midget" team of Stanstead College. Arriving fresh from a 25-0 drubbing of a nearby American team, they appeared overconfident at first, and St. G's led 2-1 at the end of the second period. St. George's settled back into the defensive, and Lester added his second goal to give the team a hard-fought 3-1 victory.

Two days later Selwyn House came from behind to beat us 4-2, and the following weekend the long journey to Ottawa ended in a frustrating 2-1 defeat at the hands of Ashbury.

A week later St. George's visited Stanstead, and met opponents eager for revenge (revenge they got, in figures too terrible to relate). The season closed a few days later as Selwyn House defeated St. G's 5-4 on a hotly disputed goal in the final minute of play, after a remarkable St. George's comeback had tied the score at 4-4. And that was the year that was.

The Junior team had a little more success.

Hopelessly mismatched against L.C.C. and Stanstead, the Juniors were defeated 9-0, 9-1; 8-2 and 8-1 respectively.

However, the Team defeated the Ashbury Junior squad 6-1 and 4-2 in their two meetings, and split with Selwyn House, winning a convincing 5-2 decision before dropping an exciting 3-2 game, to end the season with a 3-5 record.

The Junior team's year was marked by the impressive play of captains Andy Lester, Steve Aykroyd and Robert Gellert, all prospects for next year's Senior team.







Apart from athletic ability, a Captain of the Senior team must possess a sound mind and a penetrating intellect.



Both teams would like to thank Al Krackower for the great job he has done for the last two seasons in coaching us. A fourth year student at Sir George Williams University, Alan Will tour the world next year before entering law at the U. of M. we wish him the best of luck.



The boys do not have a basketball team, but the 9-10-11 girls do. They also have a bearded coach (see photo). This is because he was so busy teaching the girls how to play basketball properly that he did not have time to shave (we cannot be sure this is true, it's just what we were told.)

This year's basketball team had a little more success than last year's, winning several games by gigantic scores (their last effort was 4-3). The '65 team also had more spirit, energy, drive and devotion than any previous team, and the coach "Thornton" had a bigger hat (see photo.) This was because he went to Mexico at the close of the year, and needed one. Long after Susan Gold and Ann Cawley's intricate passing, or Susan Scott's leaps under tall guards, have all be forgotten, long after the scores have been lost and the cheers have died down and are heard no more, the hat will remain.

Finally, the team would like to thank Miss Andison for her help and support throughout the year.

And don't forget the Inconnus, for there is still hope!





"Then I dealt the scoundrel a left..."

### The Saga of the Green Dragon

There was a dragon, evil and green;  
No crueler one had ever been seen,  
Oh, he had many faults, such as bad breath and  
all,

And he had an appetite that would quite appall  
Even Dr. S. Johnson, who, at one sitting,  
Drank 25 cups of tea, which isn't quite fitting.  
Unlike most dragons he loved eating pupils,  
N'bout the St. Georges kind he had no scruples!  
For this kind tastes better than Post Crispy  
Critters,

When deep-fried in wine, and then cooked like  
fritters.

He felt he must get some and get them but quick,  
So he searched for them with in what he did pick.  
He finally discovered the old home-land  
Of the pupils who when wine-fried tasted so  
grand.

WHAT! HORRORS! He'd found it!

The St. Georges homeland!

The students settled down to impending doom.

The dragon was restrained, but suddenly,  
"Boom!"

There came a scholar, displaying with pride  
A St. George's crest so big, a crest so wide.  
The dragon on the scholar jumped with great  
speed.

And attempted to gobble him up with greed.  
But the scholar with very great presence of mind  
Called on his friend who was always sublime.  
The friend, being a scholar, thought "I'll kill  
this brute!"

"What with? Why of course!

With an angle acute!"

"Oh Oh," thought the scholar, "I haven't an angle,  
So near the brutes nose, a protractor I'll dangle."  
But he had no protractor, so, with great rumpus,  
In the dragon he imbedded a shiny sharp compass.  
With a jab of a pencil, a blow with a rule,  
They felled the great dragon who'd one been so  
cruel.

The moral of this saga has been known for an  
eon:

The moral of this saga is:

Brains Are Better Than Brawn!



"Now, Nigel, are you sure you saw a  
flying saucer in the middle of the rink?"



"ZZZzzzzz..."



"And in closing, may I say simply this..."





# the elementary school

## WOOD

Wood is for chairs  
And balconies strong.  
Wood if for tables  
And chesterfields long.  
But of all those things,  
I think I like best,  
Is my St. George's chair,  
Desk, classroom, and crest.

Ian Garmaise (III)



One Saturday morning when I got up  
And sat on the top of my house,  
I saw of all things a bird without wings  
And a cat being chased by a mouse





## The New Cap

Once there was a boy named Andrew. His mother had just made him a new cap. He was so happy that he said, "I am going to show my cap to the King"; so off he went.

Soon he came to the King's palace. He was just about to go in when the guards said, "Stop!" "Why?" said Andrew. "Because you are not allowed in here," said one of the guards.

Just then the princess came out. "What a fine cap you have!" she said. "Yes," said Andrew. "I am going to show the King." So the princess led him to a big room where the King and Queen were sitting in front of a large table with cakes and cookies on it.

"What a fine cap you have!" said the King. "I should like to have it on my own head. I tell you what, if you give me your cap, I will give you my crown."

Now Andrew thought the King's crown was very beautiful, but his mother had just made that cap for him. So he said "no, thank you" and ran out of the palace.

Heidi Better (II)



## Mr. Nobody

Once upon a time there was a man named Mr. Nobody and a little girl. One day she broke her mother's good flower vase and said "Mr. Nobody did it." Her mother said "Where is he?" and the little girl said "Nowhere." "Where is nowhere?" asked her mother. "I don't know; he could be in his house," the little girl said, "but I don't know where his house is."

Elsbeth MacEwan (II)







## One Mistake Too Many

Charles, Richard (called Dick for short), Andrea and Gillian (called Gilli for short) were children who lived in Stanmore, England. They weren't rich nor poor, but though they were old enough not to (Andrea was twelve), they had a nanny. They could hardly go anywhere without Katie-Nana calling after them, "There, there, come back chicks, you've forgotten your wellingtons." And of course they had.

One day they pleaded with Mother (who was in bed with a cold) to let them have a day off without Katie-Nana, and two and sixpence besides. It was Dick's idea to go to the shops and Gilli (who was only eight) asked if they could go by carriage. It was decided that they would walk and take one back. "We're really going to do it proud," said Charles, who was almost eleven and always fighting with someone. They decided to leave after lunch and have tea at one of the shops. The boys wanted to watch a game of rugby in the park, but the girls wanted to go window shopping. A compromise was decided upon and the children finally set out.

First they came to the confectioner's and bought bulls-eyes and licorice for sixpence. They were looking at some clothes in a shop window when the boys started getting excited. "The game's about to begin," said Dick.

"I know, but you said you'd stay with us during the first half and we'd watch with you the second," complained Andrea.

"Well, we've changed our minds," retorted Charles. "Come on or there won't be any time left to look at your beastly windows." And with that both of the boys took off right into an old man selling tomatoes on the side of the street. "What in the..." exclaimed the vendor as he went down, tomatoes and all. He was a mess and as they picked him up and brushed off his coat (it's never been the

same colour since) he muttered words which I will not repeat. After several apologies they set off again, a little slower this time. When the children finally got to the field, the game had started and, wouldn't you know it, they couldn't find a place! "Oh! let's go home," pleaded Andrea, her blond braids almost undone.

"You promised us!" gasped Dick, his head caught between two people's knees.

"Here, I'll get you out," said Charles, and before the girls could stop him, both had gone flying into the lap of a very dignified lady observer.

"I beg your pardon?" she said in a voice that told the children they were in for it. "Excuse us," they murmured and ran off before anything else could happen.

Hot and dishevelled, they went into a shop and bought fizzy lemonade and penny buns. Just then Gillian (who had been quiet all along) let out a scream. The waiter dropped a tray with their glasses (which promptly broke). "I thought I saw something moving there," explained Gillian, pointing to the ground near Andrea's feet. It was nothing but a dead leaf.

"Why, you bloomin' idiots!" roared the waiter. "You made me drop my glasses for a leaf come in through the door."

"How much do they cost?" asked Andrea worriedly.

"One and twopence," replied the waiter. Andrea gave him the precious shilling they had saved for the ride home.

"That's all we have," put in Charles.

"That will do," said the waiter. "Now off with you!"

The children trudged the long way home, and when their parents heard what had happened they were sent up to their rooms. That was one mistake too many.



## Girls

Girls, you know, are a terrible sex,  
They're always ready to cheat and hex,  
And, bothering gossips, they never play fair,  
They're always clawing in somebody's hair.

They always have extras which nobody wants,  
They hold horrid meetings in our favourite haunts.  
They think perfume smells nice - it actually stinks,  
They like horrible colours like rose-reds and pinks.

Now boys are made of nice polliwog tails,  
They always play fair and take the right trails.  
They like to play hookey and marbles all day,  
If boys were not here, the world would turn grey.

And then, boys can work! They have muscles to use,  
Ask a girl the same, you'll get "oh no's" and "boos".  
Now boys ARE much better, they keep on the whirl,  
I just don't see why there's a THING called a girl.

Alfred Gertler (IV)

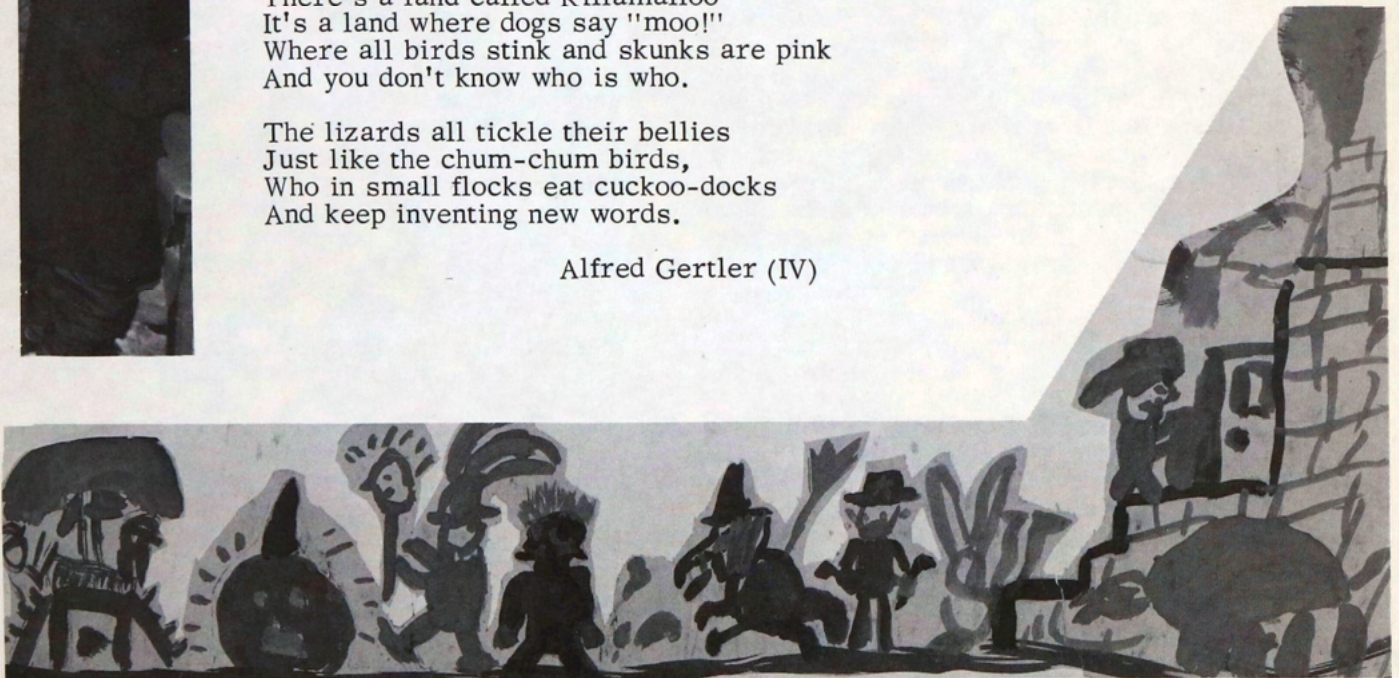


## Milwaukee Fiddlesticks

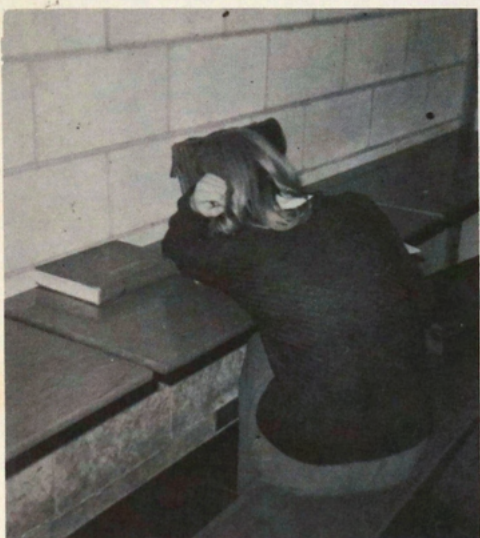
There's a land called Killamalloo  
It's a land where dogs say "moo!"  
Where all birds stink and skunks are pink  
And you don't know who is who.

The lizards all tickle their bellies  
Just like the chum-chum birds,  
Who in small flocks eat cuckoo-docks  
And keep inventing new words.

Alfred Gertler (IV)







the graduates ...





### CAMERON JEFFREY

Favorite Expression: "Good Grief."  
 Aversion: Scherzer's dressing-room sermons.  
 Last Seen: Falling from the sky.  
 Favorite Song: "Catch a Falling Cameron."

"You guys don't expect me to believe that there's no Santa Claus?"



### PETER SLYOMOVICS

God: Marx.  
 Aversion: Petty-bourgeois Capitalist Scum.  
 Favorite Saying: "The world is at best bitter, sweet."  
 Favorite Pastime: Giving 5¢ psychoanalysis.

"Why I'd love to set up the stage, Mr. Lester."



"You're in good hands with Allstate."

### ROY KAUFMAN

Ambition: Zero-cool writer.  
 Probable Destiny: writer.  
 Aversions: Monitor-baiters and fake detention slips.  
 Prototype: Howard Kaufman.

### COLIN JACQUES

Favorite Pastime: Throwing things across the class to Jutting.  
 Aversions: Comb-borrowers and low mirrors.

Colin staggers up to you, helpless with laughter, and manages to get out, "How do you drive a baby-buggy?" When you solemnly confess your ignorance of the answer, he shrieks, "Tickle his feet!" Then he collapses to the floor in a little heap, howling softly to himself.



"I see in the distant hills... a turkey."







ANN BALA

Favorite Saying: "Please, Mr. Hope, let me drop trig!"  
 Ambition: To Right the Unright.  
 Aversion: The class president.  
 Probable Destiny: Reading kiddies' stories to...uh...kiddies

IVANA EDWARDS

Last Seen: Chasing Zubin Mehta through the orchestra pit.  
 Unrecorded History: None - she records everything.  
 Favorite Pastime: Taking into consideration only the upper strata of the intelligentsia.



RICHARD LAMARTINE

Prototype: Narcissus.  
 Ambition: Being the first skier to win four gold medals in Olympic history.  
 Probable Destiny: Ski-boot-lace manufacturing mogul.

ROSEMARY RODGER

Favorite Things: European men.  
 Last Seen: In Europe.  
 Favorite Pastime: Expounding her theories.  
 Aversion: People who disagree with them (her theories, that is).



"There are fairies in the bottom of my garden."





#### JAN-MARIE CASSON

Favorite Pastime: Looking furtive (see pic.)

Aversion: Trying to write her own captions.

Fondest Memory: The day the last page of this scandal-sheet finally went to press.

#### FRANCES CALDER

Ambition: To get the last word in with Mr. Hope.

Last Seen: Among the Biology Lab's dried frogs and pickled snakes, asleep.

Aversion: People who consider Monitors to be hallucinations.



#### MARGIT PAPST

Unrecorded History: Mysterious Friday afternoon excursions "to the hospital."

Asset: Her refusal to be subdued by Monday mornings.

Margit walks airily into Math class twenty minutes late, proffers a bright smile to Mr. Hope by way of an excuse, and gets away with it.

#### MICHAEL JUTTING

Favorite Pastime: Catching the things that Jacques throws to him from across the class.

Unrecorded History: when someone laughed (even a little) at one of his jokes.

Ambition: Beatnik poet.

Last Seen: Playing pitch-and-catch at recess, with intent to kill.



#### MICHAEL MORROW

Ambition: Chess Champion of the World.

Probable Destiny: First-string centre for the Soviet Olympic basketball team.

Favorite Expression: "Waddya mean, 'Checkmate'? I can just move like this ... I mean like this ... er, well, like ... oh."





JOHN THORPE

Prototype: A peculiar combination of  
Pastor Johnson and Bob Hope.  
Asset: His honey-coated tonsils.  
Favorite Expression: "That's gross!"  
God: Ambition.  
Ambition: God.

CATHY SHAVICK

Favorite Saying: "I want to be a mommy."  
Ambition: To be a mommy.  
Prototype: The Goddess of School Spirit.  
Aversion: Trying to write the trash which  
you are now reading.  
Asset: The Magical Tear.



TOM CAPLAN

Ambition: Textile Engineer.  
Probable Destiny: Driving a choo-choo  
train.  
Prototype: Mad Drummer.  
Favorite Saying: "I hate that with a  
passion unequalled by good taste alone."

FRANCY ROBINSON

God: Pete Seeger.  
Favorite Pastime: Receiving Peter  
Slyomovics' 5¢ psychoanalysis.  
Aversion: Peter's findings.  
Favorite Saying: "Help."





## Been Here and Gone...

John Sichel studied Chemistry and Physics at McGill, and graduated last year with first-class honours. He is now doing graduate work in chemistry with a National Research Council Scholarship.

Peter Rice went to Mount Royal High for a year after graduation, and then (1960) went to work for Air Canada (purchasing & stores dept.). He received his private pilot's license in 1959, and has been flying on his own ever since. "Most importantly" he was married to Jane Rowe of the Town of Mount Royal in February of this year.

Ronnie Blumer graduated from McGill last year with a B.Sc., and is now at Boston U. doing graduate work in film production (School of Public Communications). He hopes to make a career of film production, probably with the National Film Board, where he has been working for the past two summers. Ronnie will be graduating a year from now with a Masters Degree.

David Star attended Radio College of Canada for a year after leaving St. G's; he then went on to Sir George Williams, where he is, now.

John Shipley is now in 3rd year History & Philosophy at the University of New Brunswick, and plans to enter law next year. Note to alumni: John would like to know if there is any interest in a permanent St. George's Alumni Association. He can be reached at Harrison House, UNB, Fredericton, New Brunswick.

Julie O'Donnell graduated last month from Trinity College in Washington D.C., and plans to enter the Peace Corps. She's been in Mexico for six months, studying and working as a translator. "As to appearance, I don't really deserve to be immortalized in the gdr; I haven't changed much since I graduated from St. G's - i.e. I still look eleven."

Stacy Gibson spent last year taking Grade 13 at London, Ontario's South Collegiate (graduating with the top marks in French), and is now at the Lakeshore Teacher's College in Toronto.

Ann Denis, now taking Honours Sociology at Carleton (3rd year), has decided on a career in social research after graduation.

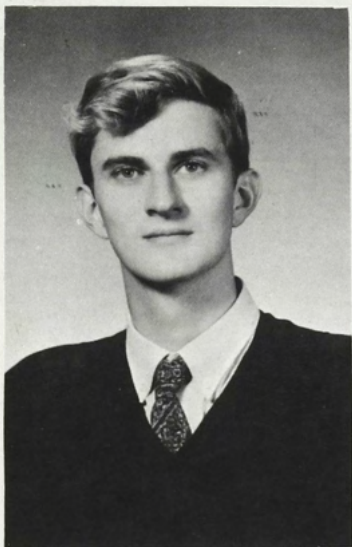


John Sichel



David Star





From Brian Viser:

"...After leaving St. George's I attended the University of New Brunswick for a year where I received a Canadian Union of Students' Scholarship and Travel Grant to attend any university in Canada outside of the Maritimes. I chose the U. of Alberta (Edmonton) which I am now attending: it is great. At the moment, I don't know if I will stay here or return to UNB next year; it all depends on what mischief I choose for a career. My heart says to take a general B.A., but all those practical people around me say NO; 'it's worth nothing these days'. Soooooo - it looks like I must enter the specialized rat-race and become an Encapsulated Man like most everyone else.

"....I attended the Archaeological Field Training School at Fort Lennox last summer, which I enjoyed very much. I might therefore stay at the U. of A. and major in Anthropology. My other great interest is psychology and I would like to practice psychotherapy or some aspect of clinical psychology someday. I have always known myself to be somewhat 'bird-brained', and following the general axiom that all psychologists are pleasantly mad, psychology seems to be my type of dish. If I choose this field, then it's back to U.N.B. for my undergraduate years..."

John Dixon is presently enrolled at McGill, and is planning to go into Honours Geology next year. John is a member of the Camera & Geology Clubs and the Physics Society. This summer he'll be working on Geological field surveys for a mining company "somewhere in Eastern Canada".

Jerry Bruck is a freshman at Yale, and an editor of the Yale Daily News. He misses the green dragon review "very much".

Candy Brown entered McGill last fall, and proceeded to take FIVE languages (English, Latin, French, Spanish, and German.) She tells us that she'll be dropping in every now and then "to check up on you." This summer she'll either go to Florida by Honda or to Europe not by Honda.

Martin Frosst is "at present gainfully employed in first-year science at Sir George" and intends to graduate with a Bachelor of Commerce Degree.

From Peter Yearwood:

"I hope this will reach you in time, but the news that my eight years of toil at St. George's would be rewarded by a free copy of the GDR at just a flick of the pen so astounded me that I was temporarily unable to flick the pen; also I was busy. Now, only a few days before the awesome inevitability of your final deadline, I turn to these random doodlings of the typewriter in the hope that I may turn out some autobiographical blurb that might merit me the free copy.

Apart from such time as I chance to spend in the pursuit of a knowledge that has proved remarkably fleet of foot, I have led an interesting and enjoyable life. Or, rather, an interesting and enjoyable life has led me, and led me so far mostly into debating and dramatics. More specifically it has led me to the Inter University Debating League debates in Hamilton, and to the Canadian University Drama League festival in Montreal. Representing Bishop's at these two events ranks as the pinnacle of my fledgling university career-a career which; by the way, saw me supporting capital punishment on the grounds that it is fun both for the people hanging, and for the people being hanged.

My other activities include a delightful summer's wandering in the south of England. And so I close with a last image of myself contemplating the desolate beauty of the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, or that masterpiece of eternal truth in modern symbol that is Conventry cathedral."





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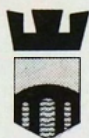
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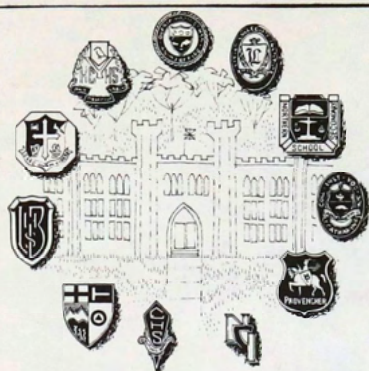


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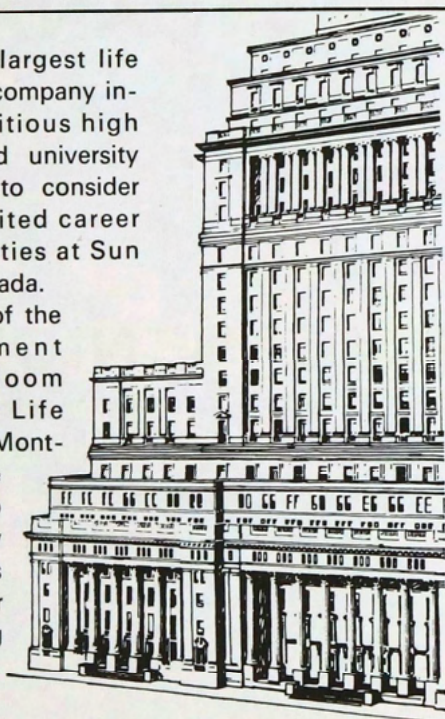
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# MEMO

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Who creates the atmosphere? The teachers are sure that it can come only from the students; the students feel that the teachers alone can create it. Obviously, the truth lies between these - the students will create the spirit for change if they are given the lead from the teachers. One thing is certain: this spirit begins outside the classroom, in the administration of the "school community", if you like. It is not at first a part of academics, but rather complements them. Again what we are saying here is that the success of the academic innovations of Education 70 is dependent on a spirit quite outside academics, a spirit which is at the present time lacking.

We stated that the teachers must give the lead. They can do this by applying the basic precept of Education 70 to the seemingly trivial area of the school's physical operation, and especially to the rules that supposedly are needed to ensure that the school will function smoothly. A silly or stupid rule, and there are stupid rules in every high school, does much more damage than one would think, for it is an affront to a student's intelligence and self-respect, and makes him less likely to feel a sense of involvement in the school on more important planes. Independence with responsibility is the theme of Education 70 as it is applied in the classroom. So must be the theme of the day-to-day administering of the school, if its application to the academic aspect of the school is to succeed. Apply this idea outside of the classroom, and we will see changes for the better.

A school uniform, such as the one we have now, does not have to be necessary. The only genuine argument to support the uniform is that it prevents unfair competition in clothes, particularly among the girls - unfair because of students' varying economic backgrounds. It must be admitted that competition is a problem, but there is a better solution than involuntary conformity. Why not abolish uniforms on the understanding that there is to be no competition as a point of honour? Much more importantly than ridding ourselves of the uniform as such, we will for the first time introduce the idea of personal honour as a day-to-day-force. Such a sense of honour, even in so seemingly small a matter, is more than anything else conducive to the first of our vital intangibles - a sense of intelligent pride in the school. The uniform is only an example. A new attitude, the attitude of Education 70, must be taken to all facets of the running of the school.

Thus given the lead from the staff, the students must follow up. The most important single problem which must be overcome is the general lack of close rapport between the students and the teachers. This gap is caused mainly by the fact that one of the teachers' roles is that of disciplinarian, for no reason other than that the students themselves have not offered to relieve them of that burden. If the student body would assume responsibility for discipline, student-teacher tension (which one finds at any school, not just St. George's) would be removed. The extent of Education 70's success will depend on the strength of the student-teacher liason. This liason can only be established if the student is permitted to work with the teacher rather than under him.

We are not saying that disciplining should be abolished, but rather that it should be transferred to the student organizations. There is at present a small Monitor system at St. George's. But this is not even a true beginning, for the Monitors derive their authority from the Principal, and thus defeat their purpose. Disciplinary authority must begin and end with the students if we are to achieve the sense of responsible independence which is Education 70.

The Student Council, a ten-member elective body, is the students' only voice in the administration of the school. It is completely subject to the Principal's veto (although it has not been necessary to exercise this for two years), and is generally ignored by the students themselves. But there is a role for the Student Council as a genuine student link to the Staff and also to the Board of the school. To assume this role, it will have to rejuvenate itself into a dynamic force, taking a vigorous and imaginative approach to problems on both the administrative and academic sides of the school. However, the student Council should never be the students' only link with the teachers. It has been said that the High School is determined by the spirit among Grades Ten and Eleven, and this is true. Regular meetings between the Staff and all of Ten and Eleven, to discuss the week-to-week problems which are the growing pains of the new education, will help to spread the sense of involvement in the school, and hence of academic adventure, to each of the members of these two grades, and from them, an example and a tenor will be set.

Education 70 was born of the precept that the method of learning is more vital than the specific material learned - thus it follows that the method of education is the most important part of education. If we are to remain faithful to this principle, and if our whole experiment is to work, we must apply it in all areas of the school, not only in the classroom. Before long, there will be many eyes on St. George's and the new education. It is our responsibility to see that it succeeds.



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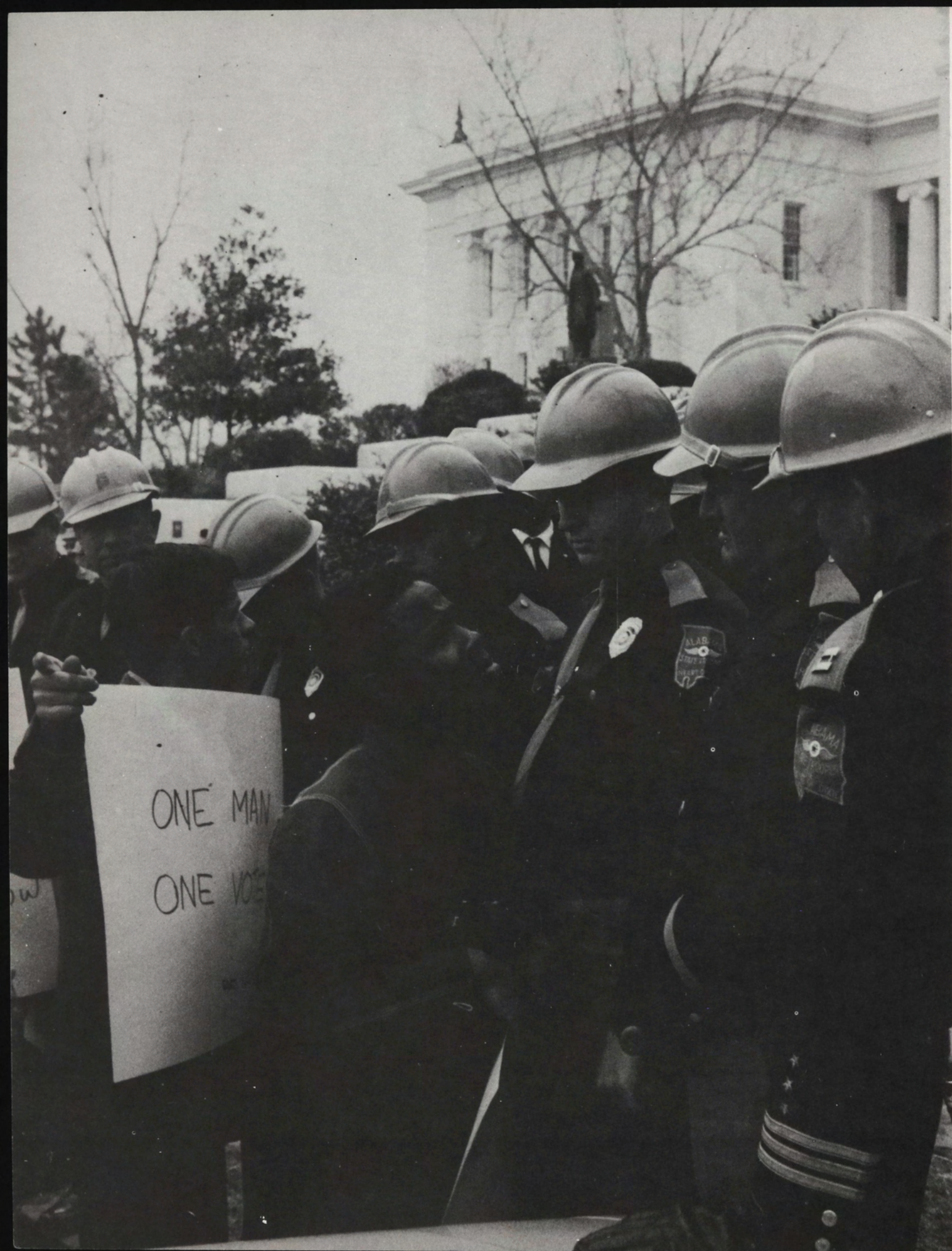
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# Faces of Alabama

(Jerry Bruck, last year's editor and a member of the 1964 graduating class, spent a week last March in Montgomery and Selma, Alabama, covering the racial disturbances there for the Yale Daily News. On these pages are several of the pictures that he took during that week, together with a few impressions.-Ed.)

Alabama is a strange world where people live without the safety of laws, where laws exist that ignore real people. Structured upon racial supremacy, it is an unpredictable world, where cities can become jungles at a moment's notice.

Someone was sitting in the main office of the Parsonage in Selma. He had been driving people back and forth - getting children back to their homes, picking up new arrivals at the airport. It was three in the morning, and he had not slept for two days.

"Gotta find out more about Montgomery", he was saying. "Whether the kids were beaten by police or by hoodlums, whether the girls were beaten or the guys were beaten, whether there are police cordons. My girl is there."

I had not been long in Selma and his talk seemed overly dramatic. Ten hours later, troopers and possemen on horseback were charging into that group, swinging chains and clubs and bullwhips. As details filtered back-a six-year-old girl clubbed unconscious, another girl deliberately run over by a motorcycle, police keeping ambulances away from the area-some meaning of that new world began to sink in.

"Southern Hospitality (March 20):"

Five students from Philadelphia had flown down five days earlier in a small charter plane. That night, the remnants returned home. Two were still in a Montgomery jail, arrested for picketting. Of the three on the plane, one carried eight stitches on his head and countless bruises on his back. Another girl had a fractured foot, ("A horse," she explained.) One was alright.

As they drove from the airport, they talked about roads.

"It's strange," someone said, "to be able to drive along and not have to duck when another car comes along..."

"And not have to worry whether they're possemen or state troopers or generally unfriendly..."

"And not have to worry about running out of gas before you get to the next ghetto."





According to Alabama citizens, troopers, and a Sheriff named Clark, there is no 'problem' that needs to be resolved. Before the communists and beatnik agitators descended from the north, they had lived in harmony with the Negroes.

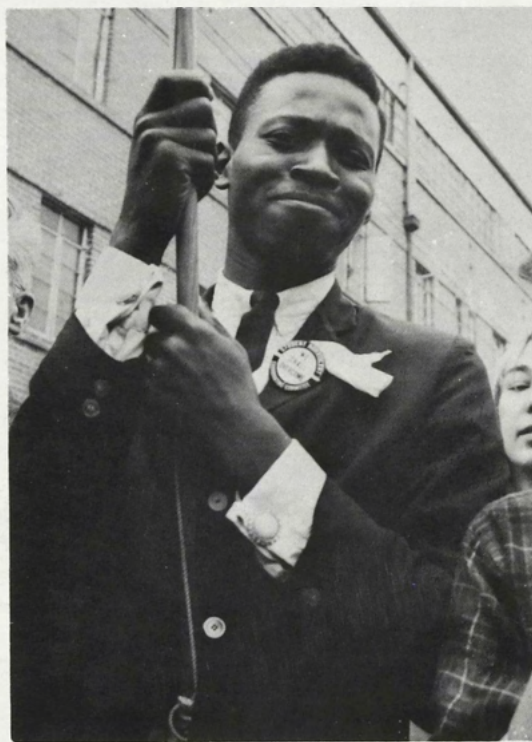
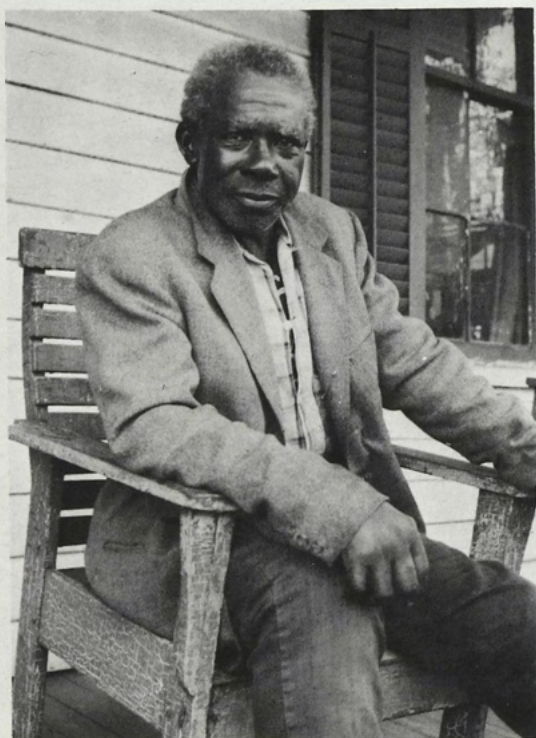
But it was harmony on their own terms, maintained by force. I asked an old man in Selma why he had never registered. "Wasn't safe", he said, "just wasn't safe." He had stayed in Selma because of his grandmother and his mother, then his family. Money was hard to come by, and he was the only means of support for all of them. He told me of being bullied by his employers, of being spat on several times as he walked down the street.

"I've been here thirty years," he mumbled. "Thirty years. Long enough."

In some ways, the presence of Northern Agitators has rigidified the conflict in the South. Militant Alabama whites express an intense hatred of "northern trouble-makers". They complain of "beards and beatniks" messing up their streets, disrupting trade and commerce with their demonstrations, and pressuring local Negroes to "cause trouble".

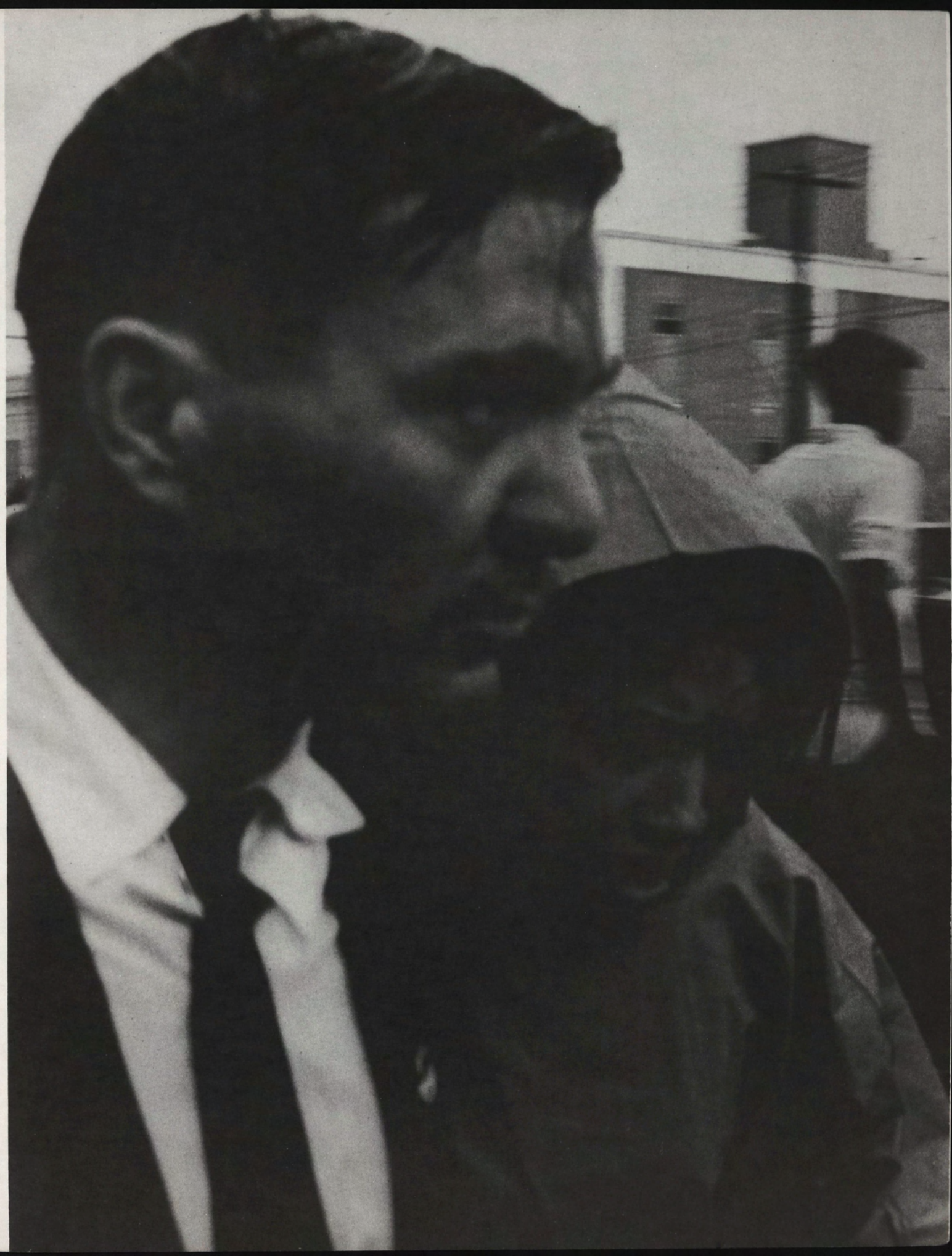
They are agitators and they are stirring up trouble. But as a speaker in a Selma church said, "An agitator is something in a washing machine that cleans out the dirt."

It's strange to feel loved by a people that has had more than two centuries of reasons to hate you. A few hours after I'd arrived in Montgomery, a large Negro lady came up to me on the street and offered me a place to stay. For the next three days, she made every sacrifice for me. She pleaded with me to use her bed, while she slept on the floor. One night, she attempted to drag me back to her house when she feared there might be violence. I later found out that her eldest son had been shot dead by a policeman, and the killing dismissed as "an accident".



"The old men have lived in the world of invisible men; each spent life is a reason for protest. And as the young people catch the meaning of their rights, each of them is a reason for not waiting another minute."







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